

A Winding-Sheet

FOR

Traytors:

With a Discovery of their great and dangerous Conspiracies; the horrid Perfidiousness and Treachery of divers Usurping Tyrants; their *Judas-like* Actings in several Countreys; their *Judgements*, and *Self-Executions*; their *stain'd* Deaths; the Names of such who have both hang'd and drown'd themselves; And the Lamentation and Confession of Mr. *Scot*, and divers others of the wicked and cruel Judges, who most barbarously and inhumanely murther'd our late gracious Sovereign Lord King *CHARLES*.



London, Printed for J. Thomas, 1660.



THE

Traytors Confession: Or, Strange News from the Tower of London.



Justice having taken place within these *Brittish* Isles, and a discovery made of the grand Traytors, who struck even at the Root both of King, Parliament, Laws, and Priviledges, their Confederacy in fiene being their onely security; give me leave in this following Narration, to present the Reader with a Catalogue of some of the Grandees, that could not be match'd in any place but where they now are, viz. in the Tower of London, where the Marquess of *Arayle*, the Earl of *Antrim*, Sir *Arthur Haslrigg*, Sir *Henry Vane*, Col. *Axtel*, Mr. *Thomas Scot*, who was sent prisoner out of *Flanders*, and Col. *Hacker*, one of the Gentlemen forsooth, that carryed a Partizan, was on the Scaffold, and commanded the Guards when our late gracious Sovereign was most inhumanely and barbarously murdered; for which bloody act and wicked Treason, he, with the rest, are now honoured with an imprisonment in the Tower, where they may justly condole and lament their by-past Enormities; and thus center with each other, in their direful *Lachryme*: Oh! That the blood of that innocent Prince were washed from our Soules: Oh! the horror and guilt of Conscience: Let us surrender that which we cannot keep: Let us cast off our vile and polluted Vizards, and appear in our Natural Colours, every one confessing his Villanies, which

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we can no longer conceal: Let us turn Converts, and as we have always been Dissemblers, so now out of our natural disposition of dissimulation acknowledge his Majesty to be our Right and lawful Sovereign, (for we cannot help it) that we were the unjust and bloody Murtherers of his most Royal Father; that in all our Actions we sought our own profit, and not the publick good; that our endeavours tended to the advance of our own private Interest and Estates, and not the benefit of the Trust imposed upon Us; That we were plunderers both of Church and State, never thinking that the day of Accompt would come; That we made Religion and the glory of God the Cloak for all our Villany, Rapines and Murthers; That we did intend if our Designs had been fixed firm, to have made our selves perpetual Dictators and State-Robbers.

But since their hopes are frustrate, and that seemingly here is pointed out such an inrolled Confession; be pleased, in the next place, to take a Review of the just Confession of some of the unjust Judges, in these words:

Our King we murdered, yet the Work's not done,
For then on Holland, Capel, Hambelton
Our pause we laid, by Us was Derby's loss,
As by the Scotch Kirk that noble Earl Montrose;
We Gerrard kil'd, and valiant Brown-Bushel,
Sir Alexander Gary, and Mr. Vowel,
Aston, Stacy, and Hewet, who doth lye
A martyred Saint, with noble Slingsby:
Besides, to aggravate our sins above
The thoughts of Man, we murdered Mr. Love;
With many more, we took no pitty,
Drawn hang'd and quarter'd in fair London's City.
There's none of us but do deserve to dye,
Who for these cruel Evils now in prison lye,
Where we had better be, our lives to save,
Then (as deserved) the Gallow Tree to have.
Our Brother Barkstead, once a man of power,
Is fled whilst we have taken London's Tower.
Like Hector bold, we did presume to kill
Our King, though it be fore against our will

To answer that pretended good Old Cause,
 By which we rob'd poor England of just Laws
 Which would condemn us all, had we our due,
 To be drawn hang'd and then quartered too.

These were the King-killing Basilisks, and weeping Crocodiles, who not onely murdered their lawful Prince, but banished His Royal Consort the Queen, and caused the Off-Spring and Royal Issue for many years to suffer Exilement: Nay more, they destroyed and imprisoned all the Kings Friends, and made it Treason for to name the King, or once to mention him. Nay more then that, they unjustly seized on all his Majesties Lands, and gave or sold them one to another, felling his Timber, destroying his Deer, demolishing his Castles and stately Palaces, poisoning and oppressing his Subjects, and what not. But they are now like to deliver up their unjust gotten Lands and Goods to the right Owners. The antient Palace of Old-Court is to be delivered up by Mr. Edwards, which he purchased for a small sum. And Gaffer Okey must now forsake his Mannor of Ampthill, and his Mannor of Mill-brook, and betake himself to the old Road. The like must Goodman Whalley, for his two Mannors of West-Walton, and Trington: Lightly come, lightly go, he purchas'd them at a very easie rate.

These are the arbitrary Youths that liv'd upon the sweat of other mens brows; and these are the Cannibals that for many years joyned with the bloody Tyrant and Usurper; witness his insatiable proceedings against the Western Gentlemen, who upon their Raising for the King in the year 1655. he not onely proceeds against Col. Penruddock, and divers other Gentlemen, by capital punishment; but he decimates all the Cavaliers or Gentlemen of the late Kings party, that had been in Arms for him, all over England; that is, he enjoyns them to pay yearly the tenth part of their whole Revenue, notwithstanding their former Compositions made for their Estates, and their Pardons sued out as the Parliament had enjoyned. And this Decimation was put in execution by the Major-Generals of every County: In which Government, Cromwel much resembled the Turk; himself like the Grand Signior, ruling by sole Command, had his standing Army (as a Guard for his Person) answerable to the Janizaries; and his Major Generals representing the Bashaws in their several Provinces.

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These are the State-Juglers, that could at pleasure impose new Oaths, and set up their *Dagon* or *Westminsterian* Engagement, in opposition to his Majesties Regal Government, and so deceitfully to glory and triumph in their pretended Providences and Successes, ever since that fatal blow given to our late gracious Lord and Sovereign: But mark the apparent Demonstrations of Gods evident and eminent wrath and indignation against the Subscribers of the said Engagement, and Complices with the late *Juntoe*, viz. One Mr. *Bray* a Presbyterian Minister, for the gaining of an Augmentation to his Living at *Michaels* in *Lancashire*, took the Engagement, turned a great Zealot for the Independent Faction, and immediately after, an Order coming for pulling down of the late Kings Arms in Churches, he was so not therein, that he would needs (as he did) pull them down himself, and sent the boards on which the Kings Arms were painted, home to his house, intending to have made a door of them, to one of the Rooms of his House; but it pleased the Lord presently to strike him with a suddain and violent sicknes, whereof he presently dyed, and those boards were made his Coffin to bury him in.

One *Brown* a Scottish-man, with other of his Countrey-men, having betrayed his Majesty in several weighty businesses of great importance; and being extremely oppressed with horror and guilt, felt mad, and so dyed desperately: but *Brown*, the grand Impostor, going to *Fern* Island in the North Seas, within a League or two of the Holy-Island, wrapt himself in a White Sheet, and tumbled himself down from the Top of a Rock into the Main Ocean. Such was the horrid perfidy of the Treachery Scot, that instead of the expected Safety of his Majesties Person, *Judas* like for Money, (though a far greater Sum) sold and delivered their Sovereign LORD and KING, into the hands of his English Rebels, who by this means had under God a power to re-settle the Kingdoms peace: But they were blinded to their own destruction; and having taken the Lords Anointed in their pits, they now used him as they listed, & carried him whither they pleased, and indeed treated him no otherwise then as their prisoner; for with a strong Guard of Horse and Foot in the month of February, 1646. the depth of Winter, they removed him from *Newcastle* to *Holmby*.

Long had not his Sacred Majesty continued there, but He was by a part of the Army under one *Joyce* a Taylor, violently taken from

from thence, and brought to his Honour of *Hampton-Court*, where for a while he began to reassume his Pristine Majesty, being admitted to see and to be seen; but *Cromwel* fearing the frequency of so great resort might spoil his grand Plot and Trayterous Designs, with much Serpentine Craft and Devilish Subtily, perswaded and insinuated into his Majesties heart doubts and suspicions of mischief intended against him; the onely way for preventing whereof, he affirmed to be the withdrawing his Person from thence, to a place of more strength and security, and to that purpose nominated the Isle of *Wight*, to which place his Majesty led by the Innocency of his spotless Conscience, was decoyed, and at his arrival found himself over-reached; for he was immediately secured by Col *Hammond*, who then was Governour in the said Island, and kept a long time prisoner there in the Castle of *Carisbrook*; to the unpeakable grief of his Majesty, and all true Subjects.

One Sir *Thomas Martin* Knight of *Cambridgeshire*, an Engager and great Complier with the Times, having been a Hunting in *Helmly-Park*, and the Deer being slain, stuck and opened, and he desired (together with the other Gentlemen) to wash his hands in the Deers blood; No (said he) I had rather wash my hands in the Blood of the young King of Scots: Immediately after this, riding home the same day at evening, his Horse very suddenly and violently threw him, in which fall, he pitched on his Head, mortally break his Skull and Shoulder, of which wounds he very shortly after died.

Doctor *Derilaus*, the *Westminsterian* in *Joës* first Ambassado^r sent from them into *Holland*, and therefore no doubt a great Engager and desperate Complier in all things with them, as in the Kings Death; this *Derilaus* being arrived in *Holland*, was immediately and suddenly assaulted and slain as he sat at Dinner in his own house.

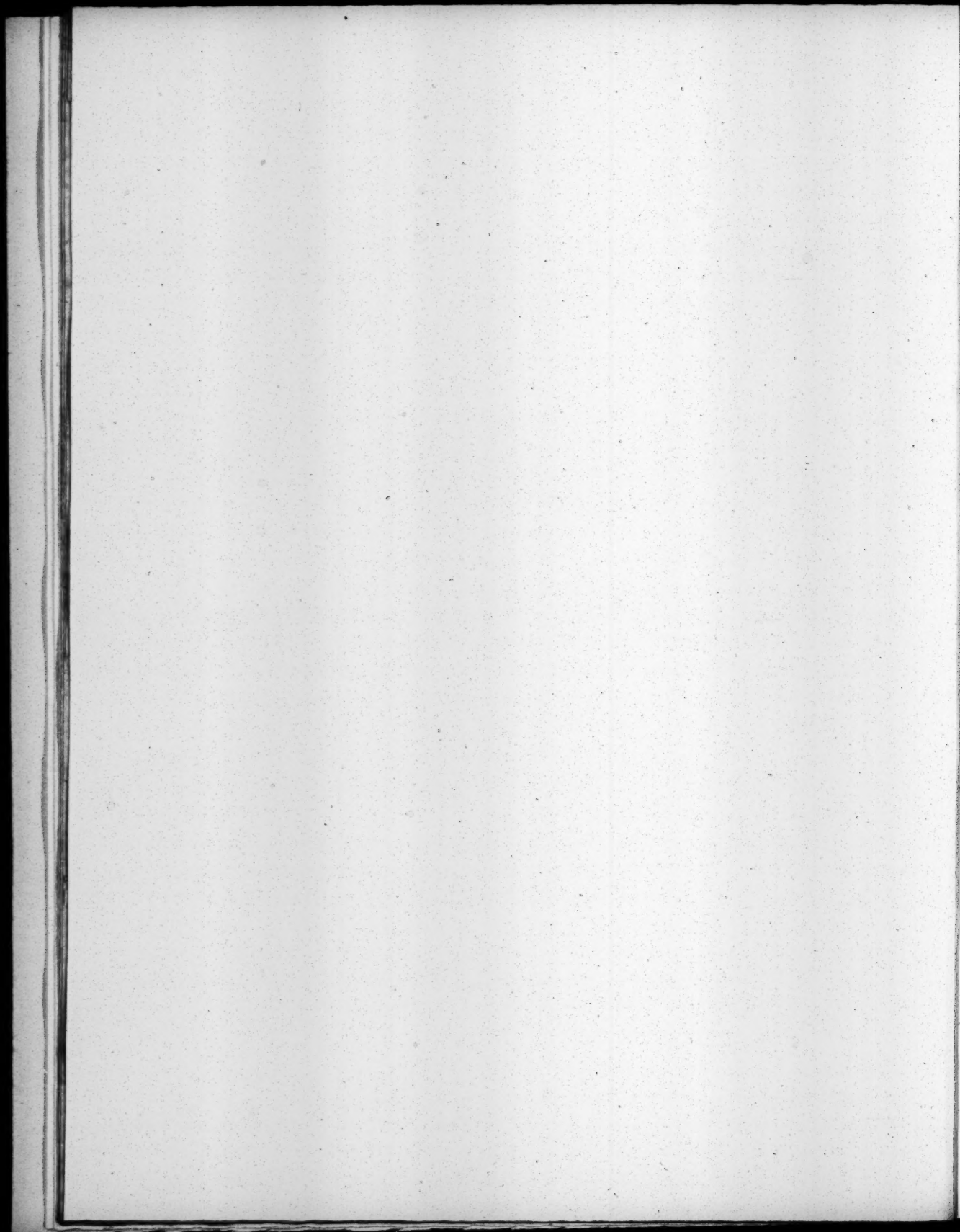
Mr. *Thomas Hoyle*, formerly looked upon as a very pious and strictly Religious Gentleman, an Alderman of *York* and Member of Parliament; but having taken the Engagement, even against his Conscience, turned a great Complier with them at *Westminster*: Not long after, it pleased the Lord so to leave him to himself, that on the very same day 12 moneth that King *Charles* was Beheaded; yea as near as possibly could be judged about the very same hour of that day, this Gentleman hanged himself at his own

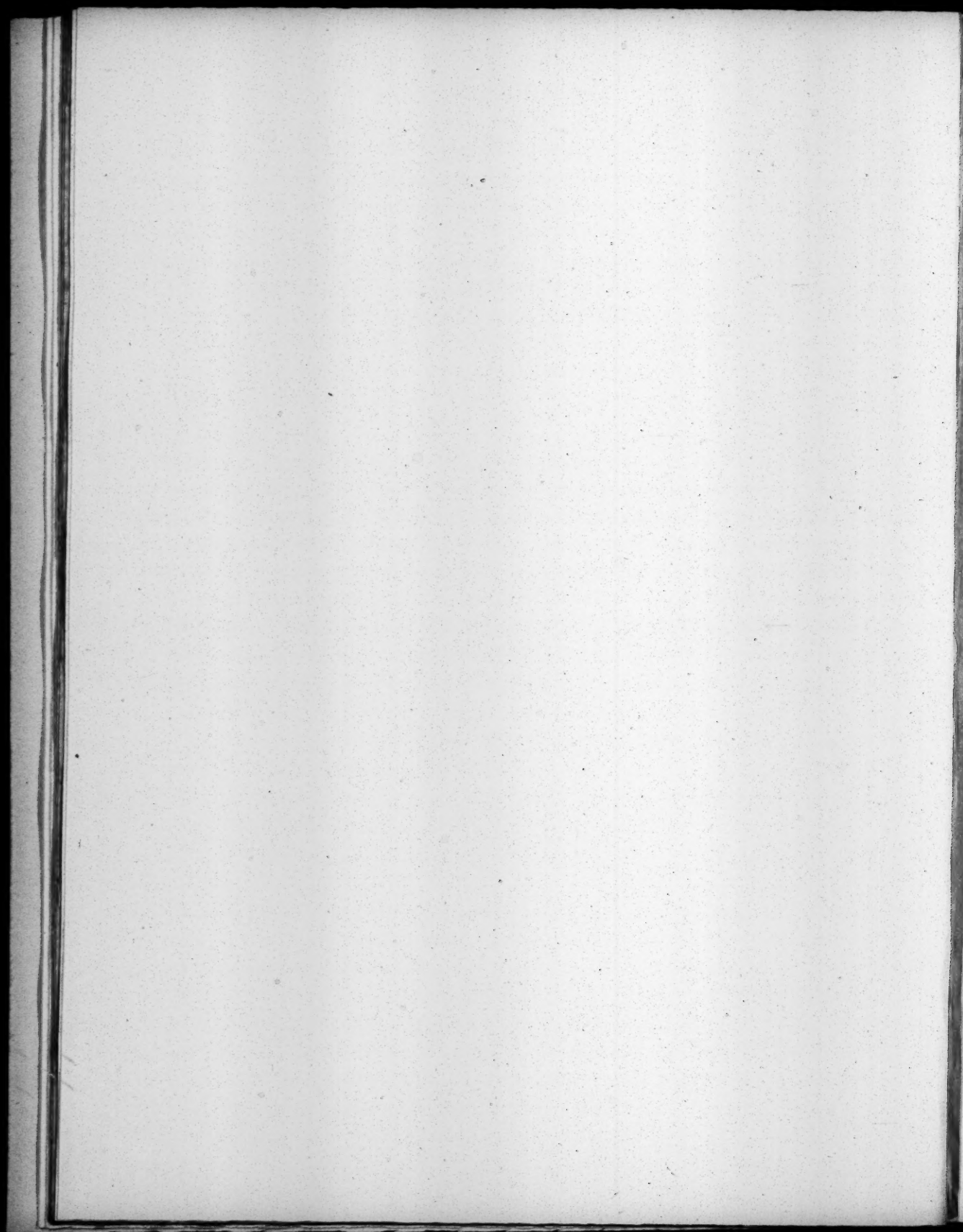
own house in Westminster, and was found dead by his Wife when she came home, who had been abroad that morning.

Mr. Shereman a Citizen and Silkman in Pater-Noster-Row in London, who had formerly been looked upon as a Godly and Religious man, had been a Tryer and an Elder in the Presbyterian Church-Government, a very good friend to Mr. Love, then his Pastour; but afterwards he turning with the Times, took the Engagement, and that in form of an Oath, whereupon he was made a Common-Council-man, turned a desperate enemy and hater of the said Mr. Love, who shortly after being in the Shop with his Wife, as well as ever in his life, yet in the Evening standing at his Counter in his Shop, and his Wife close by him, he suddenly fell down dead by her, and spake one word.

Unto this I shall only add this Query, viz. Whether those persons that are living, that took upon themselves the Name, Stile, and Title of The Parliament of England, Scotland, and Ireland, (though by their Writs by which they sate, they were but the fragments of the Parliament of England only) Beneaded their Lawful Protestant King, Banished his Posterity, overturning our antient Government it self, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, which constitution continued many hundreds of years, and was the best and fittest for these Nations that could be, and brought the Nation into such a Labyrinth and Confusion, by endeavouring to set up a Utopian Commonwealth, a mere New-Nothing? Whether the overpersons may not justly fear They may all down Quake into Hell, or fall into the same execrable Terrors, Judgements, and Self-Executions with Others, if they repent not for their Abominations.

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